

## LIBERTY.

School days are rapidly approaching. Many intend going to school here, while some will be off to college hustling for an education, which is a very important thing to hustle for these days.

John Gilstrap, who lives east of here, is very ill, suffering from a paralytic stroke.

Mr. Bud Burgess was kicked on his abdomen by a horse Sunday morning, from the effects of which he died late the same afternoon. He was buried Monday morning at Six-and-Twenty church, in Anderson county, near where he was raised.

We understand there was a shooting scrap at Norris, Saturday evening, in which two negroes were shot, one with a shotgun and the other with a pistol. The former was seriously hurt, while the latter was not injured, and escaped.

Two brick stores are under way here. M. A. Boggs and W. S. Chapman are having the work done. When completed it will be another step toward making the east side of Second street a solid block.

Fodder-pulling is now on and cotton-picking has commenced. S. W. O'Dell brought to this market on the 26th the first new bale, which he sold to T. N. Hunter for 12c. Liberty went to the front with the first new bale in the county last year. What has she done on that line this year—this one, about 27 days earlier than last year. We take it for granted that Liberty is again in the front.

C.

## Mexican War Survivors.

"How many South Carolina veterans of the Mexican war survive?" The question came up in conversation at the state house with Mr. W. D. McLaurin, state land agent, and as a result he and a newspaper man dropped in to see Mr. A. S. Salley, Jr., secretary of the State Historical commission, says the Columbia Record.

Mr. Salley said that he understood there were four Mexican war survivors, all veterans of the Palmetto regiment: James Alfred McKee, Easley; Matthew B. Stanley, Marion county; Joseph Culbreath, Johnston, and J. J. Martin, now living at East Point, Ga. It is possible there are others, and if so it is hoped the publication of this article will bring the fact to public notice.

It was the Palmetto regiment which captured the works of Santa Anna at Cherubusco—which is not Cherubusco, by the way. In that attack the regiment lost both Col. Pierce M. Butler and Lieut.-Col. Dickinson, and Major Gladden was badly wounded.

The negro body-servant who brought Lieut.-Col. Dickinson's body back to the family home in Kershaw county died only a short time ago, and was buried with honors at Camden.

There are a number of Mexican war soldiers surviving in different parts of the country, concerning whom it is mistakenly thought they were members of the Palmetto regiment, when in fact they were members of another South Carolina regiment, recruited later, which did not see service afield, the war closing just as they reached Vera Cruz. Maxey Gregg was lieutenant-colonel.

Out in Hunnewell, Kansas, there is a woman mayor who seems to wish that she could get back to her knitting.

## MARIETTA, ROUTE 2.

Mr. W. M. Jones and daughter, Miss Leila, were pleasant visitors to Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Jones Saturday night.

Mrs. Jessie Hendricks visited Mrs. H. L. Jones Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. J. L. Phillips, who has been very ill with fever is some better at this writing.

Misses Janie and Ada Anderson visited Miss Minnie McJunkin last week.

Mr. Eugene Hinton of the Mt. Carmel section visited in this section recently.

Mrs. W. M. Jones visited Mrs. Sunnie Stansell last week.

Mrs. Willie Hendrix and daughter, Mrs. Eva Turner of Easley, were in the Table Mountain section Sunday.

There was a baptizing at Mt. Tabor Sunday there being seven candidates to whom the ordinance was to be administered.

Miss Leila Jones visited the Dacusville people during the protracted meeting at Praters Creek church.

Well, for fear this should find its way into the waste basket I will close. Come on all of you correspondents.

Pickle.

## "The Old Cotton-Planter."

The subject chosen is crop conditions in Collin county, Texas.

An old resident and wealthy farmer asserts that this is the greatest drouth in forty-four years.

In a period of eight years, including the two dryest in 1886 and 1887, a tenant farmer on my farm averaged seven-eighths of a bale per acre and forty bushels corn per acre and about forty bushels oats; I kept a record of his cropping, and therefore can speak advisedly.

While the yield on my farm, among my twelve tenants and their families, equaling seventy-one in number, has not averaged quite three-fourths of a bale and thirty-five bushels corn, strictly on the share system, yet this is the only year in the past ten years that corn was a total failure.

The present prospect bids fair for from one-half to one-third of a bale of cotton per acre.

The loss of a corn crop to Collin county, Texas, is not easily estimated, and therefore a matter which we farmers must do the best we can to tide over its serious loss until 1912.

We hope at least to raise cotton enough to pay our taxes and to buy corn enough to feed our teams and eat flour bread, which is cheaper.

Under the new customs and ways the fraternal feeling is greater, and much aid can be given under the co-operative plan as exists in the Farmers' Union and Woodmen of the World.

There has been a good deal of cow-peas, milo maize and Kaffir corn planted, which, with seasonable rains, will give us ample breadstuffs.

Besides, there is plenty money seeking investments in Texas, which in a measure help the farmers out in their loss of a corn crop. Aaron Coffee, "The Old Cotton-Planter."—McKinney (Tex.) Cor. Home & Farm.

Abbeville, Anderson and Easley.

Mr. M. N. Patterson, of this city will leave this afternoon for New York, where he goes in the interest of the proposed Abbeville, Anderson & Easley trolley line.

This is the second trip Mr. Patterson has made north in the interest of this proposed line, and while there is nothing as yet to be given out for publication, there is every reason to believe that the chances, for what is just at this time a project, will really materialize.

Mr. Patterson is a very modest man and fully realizes that he will have much to contend with in interesting Northern capital in this enterprise.

There is no question, however, but what he has succeeded remarkably well so far.

Any one at all familiar with the section of the country through which Mr. Patterson hopes to have the line built cannot but realize that it is one of the most fertile and productive sections of Anderson county. It is primarily an agricultural section. The farms are all well cultivated and by the most modern methods. The farmers are all prosperous and are anxious for better transportation facilities.

Many of the most substantial ones have unhesitatingly expressed their desire for such a line as the proposed one, and stated that they would give whatever financial aid was within their power to make the project a reality, and they are in a position to give very substantial assistance.

Mr. Patterson's efforts may prove fruitless, and yet there is every reason to believe that they will not. Besides, it is only a question of time until such a line will be built.

Conditions in the section of country referred to have reached that point where there must be better transportation facilities.

The people are demanding such, and with that desire and the money that they can command they cannot but get the relief they seek.—Anderson Mail

## One On the Senator.

The deafness of Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, is well known. He is able to hear but little of the senate debates, and is obliged frequently to ask for information as to pending questions before voting.

One day one of the Washington correspondents, desiring to see the senator on business, sent in his card. Senator McEnery came out into the lobby, and the correspondent, placing his mouth at the statesman's ear, bawled out:

"Senator, have you got any news?"

A look of astonishment came over McEnery's face. Putting his hand in his pocket he pulled out a cigar, and handing it to the newspaper man, stalked back into the senate. He went over to the seat of the late Senator Pettus, of Alabama, and said:

"Some of these newspaper fellows are mighty funny in their ways. One of them called me out just now and asked me for a cigar."—Washington Post.

## A Pair of Clingers.

The preachers fuss,  
The papers blow,  
And still John Astor  
Won't let go.

And we believe—  
Truth must be right—  
In John's place we'd  
Hang on as tight.

And were we Madeline, we trow,  
We'd hang on, too—  
Think of that dough!

—Houston Post.

New York is now a city of five million souls, and nearly all of them need saving.

## A Lynching.

A lynching in Pennsylvania does not excuse a similar exhibition of lawlessness in South Carolina or anywhere else.

But it must be said in the long line of Southern lynchings, a list much longer than we would have it be; there is none that reaches in atrocity the burning alive of the negro at Coatesville, Pa.

The wretch had shot and killed a policeman who was trying to arrest him. He had not committed the nameless crime for which alone in the South lynching was for many years the penalty.

When his attempt to escape was about to end in failure the negro had tried to commit suicide, shooting himself in the mouth. He was evidently a desperate character.

Taken to the hospital so that his wounds might be treated, instead of to the jail, he was bound to the bed in order that he might not escape.

The mob stormed the defenseless hospital, not a guarded jail.

They did not take out a kicking, fighting prisoner, nor even one cowed by fear, but a man bound hand and foot, helpless.

They did not hang him to a tree and shoot him full of holes, as is the approved lynching fashion, but they put the bed in a pile of grass and straw and set fire to the pile, with the living negro strapped to the bed.

He was burned to death—the most horrible of deaths and perhaps the most painful.

At any rate, it was the Indian's conception of extreme cruelty, the extreme of torture in all lands and in all ages.

They say there were a thousand men in the mob; that they were blindfolded with handkerchiefs, and that they may never be known, though the usual "prominent citizens" were present and participated.

All of which has a familiar sound.

In Oklahoma, which is not so far from Indian days as the commonwealth of William Penn. in Oklahoma the same day—and that was Sunday—a mob also burned a negro, but they killed him first, and he was accused not of murder, but of a crime against a woman.

If there be any degrees in lawlessness, the Oklahoma outrage was not as heinous as the other.

But after all, every lynching and all lynchings carry the same lesson.

When men permit their primal passions to have full play, when they become as the beasts and forgetting law, forgetting convention, forgetting human rights, take into their own hands the wreaking of vengeance, the result is degradation and nothing else.—Columbia Record.

## The Dog Man's Best Friend.

Man's best friend in dumb animal creation is the dog. Some there may be who will dispute the assertion, for there are men who hate dogs. It is because they do not understand them, have never made an effort to understand them, or have never given them a chance to prove their friendship.

Many years ago we read the late Senator Vest's tribute to dogs. Col. Jim Nevin, of the Rome (Ga.) Tribune, recently referred to this tribute by the eloquent Missourian, and tells how the distinguished statesman came to deliver it.

As the story runs the noted Missourian was attending court in an interior Missouri town, and while waiting for the trial of a case which he was interested in, was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them.

Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked the defendant.

Vest took no part in the trial and not disposed to speak the attorneys, however, urged him.

Being thus urged, he arose, scanned the face of every juror for a moment, and said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury—The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy; his son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful; those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to this faith. The money that a man has he may lose; it flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If misfortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard him against his enemies.

"And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true, even in death."

Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without a gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished judge and jury were wiping their eyes.

The jury filed out, but soon returned with a verdict of \$500 for the plaintiff, whose dog was shot.

It was said that some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.

## The True Sentiment.

Ex-Gov. and U. S. Senator-elect Vardaman, of Mississippi, was asked by a newspaper man: "What is your opinion of the peace pact between the United States, France and England?" Mr. Vardaman replied:

"War is barbaric. The impoverishment of the toiling millions for the maintenance of armies and navies is a contradiction of our Father in the religion of the Prince of Peace. It stamps us a world of liars and hypocrites.

"I believe in an army large enough to do police duty in time of peace, a navy strong enough to protect legitimate interests in foreign waters.

"If the United States would bode forth in its national life more of the Divine spirit of the Golden Rule and less of the damnable spirit of the rule of gold, it would lead the world to a place of moral exaltation where international disputes would be settled by arbitration rather than by force of arms."

## "Dirty Politics."

We had not seen the following paragraph from the Colleton Press and Standard until we saw it reprinted in the Observer of Thursday:

"But why notice the vapors of a governor whose sympathies are with the liquor elements in and out of the state—a governor who is reported to have stopped at a blind tiger and treated a coterie of friends, the morning he was inaugurated as the chief executive officer of the sovereign state of South Carolina."

Just how any reputable newspaper in South Carolina could publish such a report in the first instance, we cannot understand, and we are sure the Observer could not have observed the paragraph closely, or it certainly would not have allowed itself to give the paragraph further currency.

It was known to every newspaper man in South Carolina, and most certainly to our Newberry contemporary, that Mr. Blease got up out of a bed of serious illness to go to Columbia to take the oath of office.

It ought to come within the easy recollection of every newspaper man in South Carolina that he was accompanied by his physician, Dr. W. C. Houseal, and that Dr. Houseal remained with him in Columbia until after the oath of office was taken, having to support the governor up the hall of the house of representatives on his way to the speaker's stand to take the oath.

If the governor had been so inclined, it ought to come within the easy recollection of every newspaper man in the state that it would have been a physical impossibility for the governor to have visited a blind tiger that morning.

We can see no excuse for the publication of any such report.

It is no wonder that Mr. Blease should be embittered against a press that would indulge in such warfare; and what is of far more vital importance, it is no wonder that the people are coming to pay so little attention to what appears in the newspapers in regard to public men, and that the press has lost so much of its influence in shaping the policy of the state.—Newberry Herald and News.

## CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the good people who so kindly helped us in the sickness and death of our dear mother, Mrs. Catherine Mauldin. May the great God above be with them through temptation and sorrow, and that being faithful over a few things God will make them rulers over many things, is our prayer.  
HER CHILDREN.